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# Hole in the Stocking

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# HOLE

IN THE

# STOCKING

In London once, as I've heard say,  
A maiden dwelt, nam'd Carrier,  
Whose heart was beating night and day,  
For some one who would marry here;  
Tho' sweethearts she had two or three,  
They each had got offended,  
Because she would'nt decent be,  
And keep her stockings mended.

## CHORUS.

Oh such a fuss they made, oh dear you'd say 'twas shocking,  
There's none would have this charming maid, because she'  
a hole in her stocking.

A barber first a wooing came,  
To her his love to thrust in,  
He said his heart was in a flame,  
So full it was near bursting.  
He said while kneeling at her feet,  
Indeed I am not mocking,  
But as he view'd her face so sweet,  
He did not twig her stocking.

Next day on him she gave a call,  
Her hair for to have platted,  
He could not comb it straight at all,  
Because it was so matted;  
The barber at her cried, oh, fie;  
And called her names most shocking,  
And as she put her foot so high,  
His eye fix'd on her stocking.

A Grocer next, quite full of puff,  
Who came one day to court her,  
He said that he had gold enough,  
Through life for to support her;  
She to his house so sly did creep,  
And at the door was knocking,  
The Grocer up the æra peep'd,  
And then he 'spied her stocking.

A Cobbler next said, quite polite,  
In spite of wind and weather,  
He'd always stick to her as tight,  
As sole and upper leather;  
She order'd shoes which soon were done,  
For her sweet feet to rock in,  
But as she stoop'd to try them on,  
His eye fix'd on her stocking.

So maidens all take my advice,  
Before my song is ended,  
That if you wish to married be,  
Pray keep your stockings mended;  
This short advice indeed is true,  
You'll say perhaps I'm a bold one;  
If you can't get cash to buy them new,  
Sit down and mend your old ones.